ALL-NEW ULTIMATES®

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008

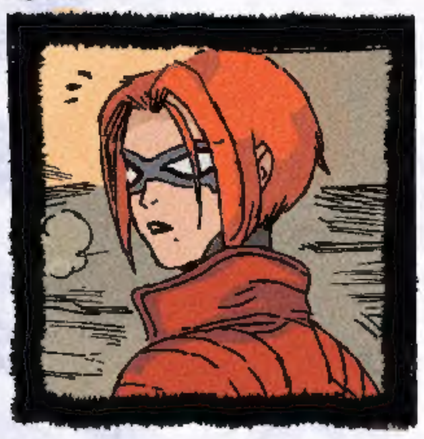
ALL-NEW ULTIMATES

Galactus attacked Earth. New Jersey was decimated.

S.H.I.E.L.D. was disbanded. The Ultimates were no more.

Now New York is riddled with gangs and crime.

But six teen super heroes are going to do something to stop it.

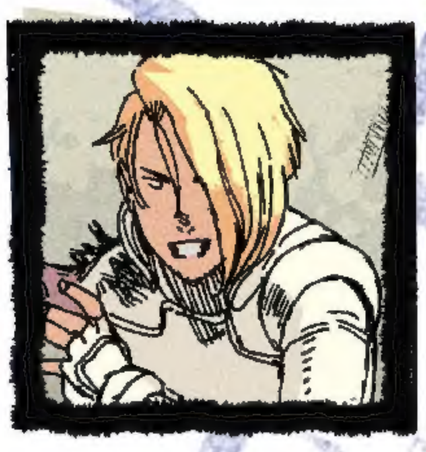


Jessica Drew (AKA Black Widow)

Miles Morales (AKA Spider-Man)

X-Man Kitty Pryde

Boyfriend/girlfriend Tandy Bowen



Tyrone Johnson and (AKA Cloak and Dagger)

And Lana Baumgartner (AKA Bombshell)

Together, they're **THE NEW ULTIMATES.**

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MANHATTAN, UNDISCLOSED LOCATION.

Remember: Get in, get out.

Kinda difficult when we're supposed to make a grand--

You'll figure it out, sister.

KNOCKOUT

Y'all ready to roll? I'm getting antsy.

WHIPLASH

Keep the body count to a minimum...

We'll try our besssssssst.

BLOODLUST

...and above all, keep the Ultimates alive!

MINDBLAST

Understood, sir.

Let us depart.

JESSICA DREW'S APARTMENT.
CHELSEA, NEW YORK CITY.

How's it going, guys? Hope you don't mind that I got here a little earlier than we planned.

You know what? It's always so pleasant seeing you all while *not* dodging bullets or certain death.

Hey, guys! Guess who just showed up?

Jeez, Dagger, don't you knock first?

Tandy Bowen/ Dagger

Jessica Drew/ Black Widow

Kitty Pryde

Miles Morales/ Spider-Man

Tyrone Johnson/ Cloak

This is one sweet pad, Jessica. I don't think I've been up here.

You haven't. It's one of the perks of being affiliated with S.H.I.E.L.D. Their severance package was pretty sweet.

Beautiful view of Jersey, R.I.P.

Dude, too soon.

That's not what I--

--never mind.

Okay, real quick, some inventory.

Serpent Skulls: out of commission. Scourge: apprehended. Crossbones: still missing but maimed. Zombie detective: found.

Check, check, check. On to the important stuff.

How about where we're going to live? We can't stay here at Jessica's forever.

Yeah, I think I've overstayed my welcome.

Not because you think I feel that way, right, Kitty?

No, you've been awesome, Jess. It just passes a point when couch surfing goes on a little *too* long.

Well, you're always welcome here. You all are.

I'm sorry I don't have a bigger place.

It's been good so far! I mean, privacy *would* be nice...

We really appreciate you putting us up, Jessica, is what Tandy is trying to say.

I wasn't ***not*** saying that. Don't speak for me, Tyrone.

I wasn't!

Yes, you were. You always do that.

Super awkward.

Hey, uh--there's a reason I called this impromptu meeting. I have some news that might be really helpful to us.

You're hilarious.

You're quitting the team?

A while back, around the cataclysm, me and Jessica saved J. Jonah Jameson's life... and he offered to help me--help *us*--any way he could.

Which entails--?

I don't know, which is why I didn't even mention it at first because...not that I thought it was an empty promise, but--

We didn't know what the terms and conditions were.

I mean, we were in the middle of a crash site trying to save other lives, too.

Not the ideal place to talk financial logistics, y'know?

Right. We had no idea if strings would be attached or what the catch was. We sorta assumed JJJ was just in shock.

Buuut I have reason to believe he wasn't kidding. I was thinking then that maybe JJJ can--I dunno, fund us? Or build us a headquarters?

Not the worst idea I've heard.

Would that make him our leader or something? Like, we all have to go on the missions he picks for us?

Or go on press tours? Or dictate who's on the team?

That's why we have to talk about this, and then go to him knowing exactly what we want.

The man's got money and he wants to spend some of it on us. Why stop him? *He owes us his life!*

--is the way *he* phrased it.

So let me get this straight.

You're telling me that JJJ could've had a secret mansion built for us while I was breathing mold...

...and "*showering*" with a busted pipe that mostly ran rusty water?!

You didn't seem to mind it too much.

It's called ***not whining.***

Wow, you guys have definitely been around each other for too long.

Call up JJJ now and get us some condos!

This is going to take all afternoon, isn't it? Lana doesn't know what she's missing.

Uh-uh. We'll catch her up. I just hope she's feeling better, wherever she is.

CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS.

Yeah, man, Poey used to let me play *Mario Cart* while we listened to his crappy old boom box. He had a million metal tapes.

No way. Metal?

He was a huge metalhead for years. He even had a rattail.

Ha, I saw a photo of that thing.

You guys ever see his band? They were terrible... but Poey wanted to be the singer so bad.

God, I went to so many open mic nights. That ***alone*** won me Girlfriend of the Year.

Lana Baumgartner/ Bombshell

So sorry I missed the funeral. I could barely--I can't believe I'm even here right now.

Was it nice? Did anyone show up?

Yeah, it was nice. His mom and pop both showed up. Couple of cousins I never met, too. Some of the old crew...

Darla

Open casket, too. They fixed him up--

He looked good!

Butch!

That's good, that's good. That let the world see.

Poey was never too good at keeping secrets.

Too noble...or too simple for secrets.

Maybe I should be, too. I should get rid of all my secrets...

Butch

Eightball

POEY PONSOR R.I.P.

...before they're the only things I have left.

How about health benefits? Dental?

Security clearance, here and abroad...

I should start writing this down.

I'm not kidding when I say fighter jet.

CHELSEA.

KA-BOOM

That sounded like--

--Hell's Kitchen.

SLASH

Run, peasants!

These people are so grosssss. This neighborhood deservessss a cleansing.

Class state moot. Meet objective by any means.

KROON

Ain't gonna lie t'ya: I can do this all day.

Come out here, heroes! Come out and meet the...

FEMME FATALES!

Here, read the fine print.

AAAAAAA!

Heads-up!

OHMYGOD OHMYGOD!

KRASHSH

Femme Fatales? They don't sound familiar to me. And I've read up on a lot of C-listers.

You guys all right?

uhuhuhuh

That exploding car doesn't seem C-list.

Oh, anyone can do that.

What's a strong female lead doing around these parts, terrorizing innocents?

Here, let me help you off that high horse.

I can get off of it on my own--

KLANG

PUNCH

--thank you very *much!*

BLP

Punching me in solidarity, I see.

Next time, put a little more *oomph* into it.

Don't move!

Wouldn't dream of it, darlin'.

FZFZFZ

Wasn't talking to you, creep.

You're just dying to get on my last nerve, huh?

Well, I won't let'cha.

Yer just too darn adorable.

BLP

Lady, you really should get those checked out.

Urngh!

SHIK

AK

Believe it or not, boy, I'm not here to kill you.

At leasssssst not in any traditional senssse.

BLP

Too bad.

I'm a sucker for tradition.

THWIP

Dagger, hold on!

I know what I'm doing!

We need to plan an attack!

My plan is to kick this lady's--

SKRRZT IZ

UNGH!

Almost a waste, this exercise.

Amateurs as opponents. Upon further inspection--

BLP

--mere children.

AAAAHHHHH!

Time to put the kibosh on this here barn burner.

Aaahhh!

SWAK

Raaahrr

Tentacles is all you, Spider-Man! I got this!

HURRLP--!

THWP

Won't argue with your High Density Sleeper Hold, K!

Mission accomplished.

Final analysis.

Worthless.

BLIP

KRAK

Doesn't take much to make you spit teeth then, huh?

Disobey direct order.

Terminate.

KA-

-ZKRZK

THOOKM

GRKLK

"Oh, yes, officers, don't worry about it. We took care of it.

"Want us to drop these gals off at the station, too? Sure, noooo problem.

"What color bow tie do you want on that?"

Please, no bow ties.

We'll take it from here, gang. Thanks for stopping this mayhem. The Future Foundation got here as quickly as we heard.

Falcon

Sue Storm! Good thing you showed up before the cops did. Kinda weird how they straight up avoid this neighborhood.

Iron Man

Machine Man

Sue Storm

Hm, maybe not so weird, unfortunately.

Are you clear with the authorities? I haven't heard a thing about you kids.

We've been pretty busy. We'll get better at PR, Tony, I promise.

It's not about PR, Jessica. You have to be officially sanctioned by the police department.

Or not. But why go that route with your S.H.I.E.L.D. cachet?

I know, I know...

So where are they going? I doubt a prison cell would hold them.

Arrangements with the Vault are being made--

Don't confirm any drop-offs just yet. We should really take the first crack at studying these designs.

Oh, hey, I was wondering if you guys...if the Future Foundation maybe had the resources to run some tests on our pals Cloak and Dagger, just as a sort of check-up.

I'm sure that wouldn't be a problem. Give us a week and let's see what we can do.

Here, let me bring them over--

Um... where did they go?

I've been building my resiliency, or else I would've been fried back there. But *you*...

...what if that blast had landed a few inches closer to you, Tandy? You'd be dead. You being mad at me almost got you *killed!*

What's your problem been lately, anyway? You've been snapping at me pretty much since the church burned down.

I know it's not comfortable sleeping on the couch. Sleeping on the floor's not much fun, either.

We just need space, I guess.

Yeah.

We should...

We have to break up.

What?

It's just not working.

We're a mess... *I'm* a mess...and I'm angry and I don't want to hate you.

It's the team, isn't it? We should quit and run away.

It's not the team. We can *still* be in the team.

Maybe we can still be a duo, just not a couple.

I'm sick of running away, Ty. Sick of feeling locked into this life. Sick of feeling suffocated.

You're not seriously using the suffocated line.

It's not a line, it's--! *Yrrg!*

You are so impossible sometimes. I'm trying to tell you this serious life-changing thing and--

It's not that I don't believe you. I just don't think I'm going to like what you have to say.

I thought being...with you the other night would've changed this feeling I have.

It made it worse.

We can't be a--a *"duo,"* are you kidding? You think I'm going to grin and bear it? Us, side-by-side in the team, knowing that I've lost you?

No. It's all or nothing. We're no longer a duo on *or* off the team. We're independent. I can do whatever I want.

So can you.

I'll no longer be suffocating you.

It's over, Tandy.

"It's over."

BLP BLP BLP BLP

NEXT: SKREWED!

BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE
FINCH